Jan. 13th, 1918.

Darling Wife!

How is you this morning? How's your pretty suit? Were you able to sleep over it? It certainly is a stunning suit. How I did wish we could have gone out to-day, you wearing that pretty dress & coat. I dreamt all night about you, & when I got up, I expected to see you, making my breakfast, then I found I was still at 570 Ralph Ave & not in Memphis. Pure was funny, especially when I felt blue when the dream was n't true.

When I got home last night, Pore was up, writing to Kenty & after teasing her a little, only, I went to bed. I send love to tease her along.

Again, about the suit. Lis so stuck on it I just must talk about it. What does your mammy say? Does she like it. What did Nellie have to say. I bet she felt blue. Can't blame her, you know, when the "bestest" little wifie in the world has the "bestest" suit in the world.

Gee, Toots mine, I wish I were with you, to-day.

Well, sweetie, ietie, will close now, with all my love to my darling precious little wifie,

Ever loving,

Herbby